

# LITTLE PRINCESS TO SUFFER FOR MOTHER'S SINS.



The Royal Palace, Dresden, from which Princess Louise fled.

## Interference of Pope Pius May Save Monica Pia from Lifelong Solitude.

**P**oor little Princess Monica Pia! Who can help feeling the utmost sympathy for the three-year-old child whose life, it seems, must be devoted to expiating the sins of her mother?

All the world remembers the elopement, in the fall of 1902, of the Crown Princess Louise of Saxony with one Giron, the tutor of her children. A few months later Princess Monica was born, while her mother was in exile.

Since then the little one's father has become King of Saxony, and, of course, very much more powerful than before. In every way he has tried to get possession of the child—the last and dearest treasure remaining to the unhappy mother—but the latter's watchfulness frustrated all kidnapping attempts.

Possession of Monica was recently lodged with the father, however, by divorce settlement. Then, it appeared, the unappeased wrath of the King was to make itself manifest. He has decreed that when of sufficient age, whether she desires or not, she must take the convent veil and never more see the world.

So unjust does such an enforced visitation upon the innocent appear, that it has touched the just and tender heart of Pope Pius X. Therefore he also has issued a decree. As the head of the church, the Pope overrules the King. No power on earth, he declares, shall make Monica Pia enter a convent contrary to her will.

It was arranged by the settlement in divorce that Monica was to remain with her mother until last May, when she was to be turned over to the custody of her father, the King of Saxony.

This arrangement was insisted upon by the King, and supported by the sovereigns of Europe, on the ground that a princess of a ruling house should be reared amid environments and given the training and education due her rank.

The former Crown Princess, then living quietly in Italy as the Countess Montignoso, recognized the force of such an argument.

She was unable to care for her child in anything like princely style; her income was limited, her future uncertain, and her days and nights harassed by plots for possession of the child.

At last she agreed that, when Monica Pia was three years old, she should be given into the care of the King of Saxony, to be reared as befits a princess of the throne.

This side of the contract was carried out. The mother, although her heart was breaking, did her part.

A short time ago, however, the world was astonished by the announcement that little Monica was not to be taken to the Saxon court.

Instead, it was stated, her royal father had decided that she is to be reared by a strict Catholic Bavarian family, related to the King, and that, when she is old enough, she will be compelled to take the veil of a nun.

Announcement of this plan aroused widespread indignation. The royal breach of faith was not considered remarkable—such things had been known before—but the proposed arrangement was generally denounced as a brutal piece of cruelty and a shameful injustice—forcing a child to do lifelong penance for her mother's fault.

If, when she arrived at the age of discretion, she should voluntarily choose the veil and the seclusion of the convent, no objection could be raised. Very many excellent women have sought the solace of a religious life, and have nobly exalted it by their career of self-sacrifice and helpfulness.

There is a vast difference, however, between voluntary and enforced service—a difference that the hot-headed and revengeful King of the Saxons evidently failed to take into consideration.

But even this revenge—aimed at the heart of the mother and entirely without consideration of the child's happiness—seems destined to fail.

A few weeks ago the Pope received in private audience the Prince of Saxony and his bride, Mary Immaculata of Bourbon. During the audience the marriage troubles of the King of Saxony were discussed.

The Pope, it is said, evinced considerable interest in the fate of little Princess Monica Pia, and referred to the statement that she was to be put into a convent when she grew up.

Such a prearranged disposition of the child seemed to displease the warm-hearted and kindly old man, whose love for children is known so well.

He stated flatly that, if the princess evinced an un-



King Frederick Augustus who decrees that Monica Pia must enter a convent.

willingness to take the veil when she reached the proper age, she should not be required to do so.

This information, conveyed to the people of Saxony, created great enthusiasm there. Crown Princess Louise was always a favorite with the people of her country, who appreciated her unfortunate alliance with a man who has been widely and generally described as a brute, and they remained her loyal adherents, even after her flight with the tutor of her children.

No better evidence of her hold on the popular heart



Princess Monica Pia and her Mother Princess Louise of Saxony.

could have been given than her reception at Munich, Bavaria, a week or so ago.

The former crown princess was for the first time in years permitted to meet the children whom she had left

upon her elopement, at the Saxon Legation at Munich. Bavaria adjoins Saxony, and the people of the former country are well acquainted with the sad story of the Princess Louise, and evidently sympathize with her.



King of Saxony's Children whom their Mother Saw Recently, for the First Time in Years.

They think, perhaps, that she has paid the penalty of her rashness and sin; that years of separation from her children and her people; her life of almost poverty, and the recent relinquishment of her little daughter—her lone heart's pride and joy—have been sufficient punishment.

Being accorded the privilege of a two hours' talk with her sons, she arrived at the Saxon Legation in Munich, accompanied by her mother, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

When the hour of departure arrived, and she emerged from the legation, she found the streets filled with sympathizers.

The men took off their hats and cheered; the women waved their handkerchiefs. The Grand Duchess of Tuscany was so affected by the demonstration that she burst into tears.

Sympathy of the people of the German States has always been with the former Crown Princess of Saxony, who would now be Queen but for her unfortunate escapade.

About a year after her sudden departure from Dresden, Princess Louise, who had assumed the rather insignificant title of Countess Montignoso, suddenly appeared at her home and demanded to see her older children, whom she had deserted when she fled with Tutor Giron.

Unescorted, clad in deep mourning, she stood before the entrance to the Taschenberg Palace and pleaded with a lieutenant of police to be allowed to enter.

"Madame," he said, respectfully, "it is impossible. I cannot permit you to enter."

Summoning her will and strength, the unhappy woman drew herself erect, and, in the majestic tones the officer knew so well, exclaimed:

"I am your Queen; I command you to let me pass." "It is impossible," he replied, sorrowfully. "I have peremptory orders. I can only escort you back to the railroad station."

When the former crown princess was driven to the railroad station, she was attended by a great crowd of people, who surrounded the carriage and cheered her repeatedly.

They forgot that she was a woman who had sinned; forgot that she had forfeited her right to her place as their Queen; they remembered only that she was a mother yearning to clasp her little ones to her heart.

The law there permits a mother, even though divorced for the most grievous offense, to visit her children once a year. Louise had not been divorced then, but even this right was denied her.

It has been a pathetic story—the absorbing mother-love of Louise for the little Princess Monica Pia. Doubtless, the entire innocence and helplessness of the child has increased the anxiety and sharpened the watchfulness of the mother.

Life at the Dresden court had been unhappy for Louise. In her "Confessions," published early this year, she described her titled husband as a "weakling and a drunkard," whose chief thought seemed to be bent on making her existence miserable.

In this diary the Princess presented herself as a woman most grievously imposed upon; driven to folly only by oppression.

After her elopement with Giron, the tutor, and the birth of the Princess Monica Pia, her principal concern seems to have been to lose herself to the world.

In course of time Giron abandoned her—irony of fate!—and she was left to shift for herself.

She took a cottage on the Isle of Wight, where she lived for some months in peace and comfort. There the first year of the life of the little Princess Monica was spent.

Afterward, the Princess Louise—she was now known as the Countess Montignoso, a title to which she had full right—removed to Florence, Italy, where she occupied a modest villa on the outskirts of the city.

## Frustrated a Well Planned Plot.

Even here emissaries of her husband, bent on securing possession of the child, pursued her.

Once the mother frustrated the plot of a trusted nurse, who had bargained to deliver the little one to Saxon agents while on a stroll about the grounds.

Learning of this plot, the mother dismissed the nurse, and thereafter took full charge of the child herself. But even she came near being duped.

At one time two plausible strangers presented themselves, fortified with letters of introduction from old friends of Louise. She received them into her home without suspicion.

While they were enjoying her hospitality, however, they were planning to abduct the little princess. These plans nearly culminated successfully one evening, when the child was playing in the garden of her mother's home.

Merrily chasing butterflies up and down the garden paths, the child fell near a clump of bushes. Her mother hastened to her aid, and as she raised the prostrate form she saw a man's foot only partly hidden by the near-by verdure.

Making an examination, she found her two guests hidden in the shrubbery. Upon being taxed with deception they acknowledged that they had entered upon an attempt to kidnap the little princess.

Such harassing experiences have been the mother's portion ever since the birth of her daughter. In time, perhaps, she realized that she could not, alone, contend with all the resources of a kingdom; that sooner or later her little one would be taken from her.

"She must be taken to Dresden, educated and brought up as a princess of the royal house," was the condition upon which the broken-hearted mother parted with her darling.

Yes, said the emissaries of the King, this should be done. The next news that reached Louise, however, was that the child was destined to expiate the mother's sins.

No one knows what the future of this unhappy little girl will be. If her inclinations should prove to be religious, she will be welcomed to the expiating life service of a nun; but, thanks to the broad-minded, kindly hearted policy of the Pope, she will not be forced to this life against her will.

Poor little Monica Pia! Her fate is one that should excite sympathy of all mankind.

## Slanderer Kicked Out of an Aristocratic London Club.

London, Nov. 25.—A club scandal which has taken place at the Bachelors' is just now being talked about everywhere. This is the most aristocratic institution of its kind in London, and most of its members are rich men. For some time past a certain member has been noted for the viciousness of his conversation about young matrons, and even young girls. Neither youth, beauty, nor innocence has been sacred from his calumnies.

Possessed of a lively imagination, this arch defamer told his stories with such circumstantiality that even men who were most charitably inclined were disposed to give credence to them. He told, among other things, how the daughters of an elderly peer had continually cheated at bridge—women, by the way, who would not be guilty of doing a dishonorable action for all the money in England. He related a story about a young duchess, whose husband had been abroad on business for some time, and, had it reached the duke's ears, might have wrecked his domestic happiness. Popular actresses came in for special attention from him. He knew all about who paid for their flats, their gowns, &c., &c.

The social-scavenger went on for a long time blasting the reputations of women, many of whom had incurred his malice by snubbing him, for woman, with her intuition, is usually quicker to find out this type of man than his own sex. But at length the suspicions of some of the most reputable of the club members were aroused, and they began to do a little investigating to ascertain what foundations in fact there were for some of the most piquant tales told by the club story teller. They discovered that they had been regaled with tissues of lies. He was there and then asked to resign, and, knowing that discretion was the better part of valor, he did so. He had been living in the club for some time, and hoping that he might take his departure without being observed, he selected midnight for the purpose. But this leaked out, and twenty of his former friends in the club watched for him, lining the hall on either side. When he appeared on the top of the stairs, Lord D—y exclaimed:

"We are forming a guard of honor to see you off the premises."

As he approached them, each of the twenty assisted in kicking him down the steps with his baggage after him.

He will probably tell no more stories of good women or even bad ones for the remainder of his days.

It is rumored that Miss Van Wart, who, for years, was one of the best known and most popular American hostesses in London, is about to join the Little Sisters of the Poor, a most self-sacrificing order. The sisters feed the poorest poor, and beg for them from door to door. Their well-known cart, which is driven by one of themselves, is a familiar object in the streets of London. Like all converts to Catholicism, Miss Van Wart is most enthusiastic in her adopted religion. She never misses 8 o'clock

mass in the morning, and spends much of her time visiting the poor. She and the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, mother of the present duke, are bosom friends. They met in the East End of London, where both have done excellent work, and it was there Miss Van Wart embraced the Catholic religion.

At one time she used to have delightful little dinners and bridge parties for the King at her house in Curzon street, but of late she has done very little entertaining. Her dinners were matchless. She thought nothing of sending to Nice for asparagus for a repast for his Majesty. Her chef in those days was a Frenchman, and a great believer in the succulent qualities of the snail. Unknown to his mistress, he included a choice dish of the "escalot" in the menu. His Majesty appealed to his hostess to be informed of what the delicacy was composed. She was unable to enlighten him, whereupon the King suggested that the chef should be sent for, saying that the man who was capable of creating such an entree was an artist. At the end of the dinner, the chef arrived, still in his white cap and apron. On being congratulated by the royal guest, he exclaimed:

"My lord, de King, you have partaken of the snail, the best snail I could procure in London, but if only I had de snail of France to present to you, I would cook you it, and it would be fit for de gods, as well as de King."

Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, was very angry at having to forego all the fun of the royal parties. Though confined to her room, she did not forget the King's birthday present—a beautiful vest she had knitted for him with her own hands. It is a little weakness of the King's that he expects all the members of his family and his women chums to send him on his birthday, gifts that have been made by themselves. Consuelo's was a charming thing on which she had been engaged for several months, and was composed of the darkest blue silk-wool—a new knitting thread, which combines the beauty of silk and the warmth of wool. At intervals it had tiny pips of white silk. A week before the birthday it was sent to the King's own tailor to be mounted, and it arrived at Sandringham on the auspicious morning.

The newspapers have been saying that Consuelo is suffering from a chill. This is not true. She has had a slight return of the old trouble, for which some time ago she had an operation, brought about, it is thought, by anxiety over her mother's illness, and the fear of having to go to America—a country in which she takes no further interest.

Mrs. James Henry Smith "struck" at going back to Scotland, where her new husband wanted to finish up the pleasant shooting, and went instead to Paris. So the pleasant are to have another year of life. This is said to be the first time any one has ever had his or her way where "Silent" Smith was concerned. Evidently, Mrs.

James Henry means to have hers, and as she has put down her foot at once, it is a very good sign for the future. Anita Stewart, Mrs. Smith's daughter, is a distinctly nice looking girl, and although she will not make her bow to society before the late spring, there are already plenty of would-be suitors in the field. Her step-aunt—can you use such a definition?—I mean Lady Cooper, will help to launch her, and as that lady is very fond of the pastime of match-making, Miss Stewart should do handsomely. It is said that the Duke of St. Albans, whom wild horses will not drag into society, met her somewhere, and was much struck by the girl's simplicity, for she has all the charm of the ingenue.

Before returning to America, Mrs. Potter Palmer signed an agreement to lease Hampden House, the London residence of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, for another year, so we expect her back at an early date. If all I hear be true, she is going to give some gorgeous cotillions there, which, of course, will be led by the redoubtable Bertie Stopford, whose fame in that direction is the envy of all the smartest men about town. I shall never forget seeing him lead a cotillon at Brook House with Lady Marjorie Greville, Lady Warwick's daughter, who has since married Lord Helmsley. It was a beautiful performance. I wonder who circulated the report that he was to marry Mrs. Potter Palmer? It is absolutely without foundation. Mrs. Potter Palmer is a wise woman of her generation, and it would take a great deal to induce her to marry a man years younger than herself. Of course, Bertie has proposed to her times out of number, but so have dozens of other young Englishmen, many of whom might be her younger sons. At present she has no intention of marrying any one, but from what I know I should say Bertie Stopford would be the very last man in the world upon whom her choice would fall.

LADY MARY.

## HE CARRIED THE SAMPLES.

A certain York County preacher for a long time had been dosing himself with a fiery concoction prescribed for some stomach trouble. One day while dining at a hotel he treated himself, as usual, to the regulation heroic dose. An inquisitive Boston drummer on his right hand inquired the reason for taking the medicine. The preacher explained his stomach difficulty, and the benefits of his treatment, and the drummer, who was himself subject to indigestion, then related his own symptoms and politely requested the privilege of trying the remedy. The sympathetic preacher freely gave him a very generous dose, which speedily took effect.

As soon as the traveling man recovered his breath and wiped his tears he thus accosted the minister:

"I understand that you are a preacher?"

"I am, sir."

"Do you preach hell-fire?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, you are the first preacher that I ever saw who carried 'round samples of it.'"

—Boston Herald.